

Great
STRAFFORDS
FAREVVELL

To the World:

Or his *U LTIMUM VALE*

To all earthly Glory.

Written by his owne Hand in the Tower, and
left behinde him for his friends or foes to
peruse and confider.



*Thomas Earle of Strafford
Lieutenant of Ireland.*

Printed in the yeare 1641.

1708

STRAFFORDS FARREVELL

To the World
Of his Obedience
To all earthly glory
Written by his owne Hand in the Tower
Ten years and more his Prisoner of Love
penitence and sorrow



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Great Straffords farewell to the world:
Or, his Placitum Valet to all earthly
 G L O R Y.

You whose great birth, and favour with your Prince,
 May make you dreame you can all truth convince;
 You whose ambitious thoughts doe still aspire,
 And being at the highest, would be higher:
 Observe my life and death, I pray you all,
 And shun my folly to avoide my fall.

2. I once was great and greatly in esteeme,
 But time misspent I cannot now redeem;
 I had preferment; learning, wit and Law,
 These did advance me, but withall withdraw
 My native goodnesse from me, so that I
 Grew worse and worse, by growing dignity.

3. The Bee and Spider have a different power,
 For note their nature, from the selfe same flower
 The one sucks hony, th'other poison draws,
 And thus men fare in Gods or humane Lawes;
 Good wits judge well, the bad make ill construction,
 The latter turns to many a mans destruction.

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4. I knew enough, lesse would have been more fit,
Unlesse I'de had more grace to governe it;
My wit and learning made me too too proud,
And under greatnesse many sins to shroud;
I have (although it gave not all content)
Long time contested with a Parliament.

5. I have beene long under Sir *Williams* hands,
Troublesome to the Guard and the traine Bands;
Times ancient Chronicles reade o're and see,
You'le hardly find a president like me;
But what's become of all my wit and skill:
I must bid all farewell at Tower hill.

6. And I must die in open publique shew,
That discontented people all may know,
When I am gone and being once appeal'd,
Hevens grant they may of all their grieve be eas'd;
The author I have been of many a fault,
But some will yet survive, that made me hault.

7. He that my light and lanthorne should have bin,
To lead me from, did draw me unto sin;
His promises and protestations large;
Made me forget my God, my selfe, my charge;
My greatnesse wanting goodnesse now is come,
Unto a heavy, headlesse mortall doome.

8. Ah! why should great men greater wish to be:
As if they thirsted all for Majesty?
Is not a Princes grace, a grace proficient?
Is not a Princes favour held sufficient?

Yes next to Gods, but here's the counter-buffe,
Some great ones think they never have enough.

9. Some

9. Some lately plac'd very neare the King,
Have had such honour time and chance did bring,
Such dignities on them have been confer'd,
As that no subjects have been more prefer'd.
But what of that: if they had yet had more,
They that are ne're content, are still most poore.

10. How wofull now am I: once one of them
Who dreamt of something like a Diadem.
How wretched is that man that late did hope
Perhaps to wear the Miter, and be Pope.
Where are those other two that were so great:
They scarce could have a more Majesticke seat.

11. Some of them are escap'd (God knows whither)
So far men judge, they le ne're return back hither;
Some of them are in hold, my selfe am one,
Who have just cause to grieve, lament and moone.
I often have been tost from post to pillar,
Tis hard when as the fore horse must goe thiller.

12. Proud *Haman* deem'd himselfe much more then
But *Hester* of the King such favour wan, (man
That all the devilish plots by *Haman* laid,
Were found, discover'd, frustrate, and made voide;
The fatall tree for *Mordecai* set up,
Proud *Hamans* death, he tasted first that cup.

13. This *Haman* doubtlesse was a favourite,
Did sway the King sometimes against the right,
He did intend and had commissions sent,
To cut beleevvers off incontinent;
But God by *Hester* did prevent the same,
And *Hamans* project, turned to his shame.

14. *Achitaphell* was likewise held so deare,
That *David's* Court did hardly yeeld his Peeres;
He was a privy Councillor, and late
Where matters alwaies handled were of state;
Nevertheless this great man did conspire
'Gainst *David's* throne, selfe-hanging was his hire.

15. The fall of many favourites in times past,
Doth not one jot make some men now agast;
When once they are advanc'd and in great place,
They quickly slight their God and Princes grace,
When they have pow'r to doe even what they will,
They le do small good, yet would be greater still.

16. I wonder and admire men should forget
Their God, their King, themselves, and that same net
Which truth hath laid to catch all falshood in,
This blinde stupidiry doth cause much sin:
This was my fault, this caused all my error,
This filld me first with pride, but now with terror.

17. What have the Minions of all former times
Gain'd with their honours, but a clog of crimes?
Hath not their policy and vaine ambition,
Brought them at last unto a low condition?
Yes, and their dignities had better far
Bin given unto some Swaine that drives the car.

18. Why then should men so often wish in vaine?
Why should men plod, project and spend their braine?
Why should men fill their hearts so full of care?
And all to build up Castles in the aire?
What are vaine hopes? but like a blast of wind,
Only conceived to perplex the mind.

19. Our

19. Our hopes and haps, doe for the most part vary,
Our wishes and th' events, prove quite contrary;
Our thoughts run most on that which most we crave,
Which peradventure we shall never have;
This proverb old is written in Times hall,
Proud men may rise, but pride will have a fall.

20. This I have tri'd and found true in my selfe,
For notwithstanding all my worldly pelfe,
Yet I perceive there is no trust in man;
The life even of a King is but a span:
What is mans love, when God in anger frownes:
Subjects should never dreame of earthly Crownes.

21. When Lucifer was placed up on high,
Almost above Angellique Majesty,
When he amongst all Angels was the prime,
He then would needs above his Maker climb;
But how did God his proud presumption quell:
He cast him downe to be a divell in hell.

22. Give unto *Alexander* Kingdomes store,
Give him even all the world, hee'le wish for more;
Give *Midas* his owne wish, that all he touch
May turne to gold; yet he hath ne're too much;
No dignity, no earthly riches can,
Content or please the avaritious man.

23. I had (I do confesse) at least in part,
Knowledge of Tongues, the ground of every Art;
I was my Kings Lieutenant or Viceroy,
In armes and arts I did my selfe imploy:
I was indeed advanced too too high,
I reig'n'd, I rul'd, I rag'd in tyranny.

24. I daily did endeavour to subvert
The fundamentall Lawes, I did pervert
Justice and equity, by fines and taxe
I sought to make the Law a nose of wax,

My power was great, even reaching to a Crowne,
But want of thankfulness hath brought me downe,

25. Mens highest fortunes like a watry bubble
At biggest breake, meane while most full of trouble,
But now in full assurance, I relie
Upon the al sufficient Majesty

Of God above, there lies my faith and hope,
Living and dying, I defie the Pope,

26. God blesse the King my soveraign Lord & Master,
His Queene and off-spring, heavens kept from disaster,
God blesse both houses of the Parliament;

Give them united hearts with full content,
God blesse their counsaile and proceedings all

That vertue may be missed, vice may fall.

27. I doe confesse I have deserved death,
And willingly submit to lose my breath;

The world I freely with my heart forgive,
Since all must die, why should I wish to live?

I justly die by th' Law, fame ring my knell,
Earths fading pompe adieu, vaine world farewell.

FINIS.